

FOOD FOR HUNDREDS

Mystic Shriners to Give 700 Christmas Dinners.

BASKET TO EACH POOR FAMILY

Gift Contains \$3 Worth of Provisions—Real Santa Claus Will Distribute Presents to Children from a Large Tree in the National Rifles' Armory This Afternoon.

Seven hundred poor families of Washington will be made happy to-day. Seven hundred baskets of food are to be distributed by Almas Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The National Rifles' Armory will be the scene of the presentation of the Christmas gifts to the needy. This is an annual event in the circles of the Mystic Shrine, and originated ten years ago. The money is raised during the summer months by an excursion. The provisions this year cost more than \$1,100 at wholesale.

This afternoon an immense Christmas tree, with a real Santa Claus, and decorated with candy and toys, will be provided for the poor children of the city on the first floor of the armory. Noble Charles Jacobsen contributed the tree and ornaments and has had charge of completing arrangements for the festivities. Noble John A. Ellinger, in full Santa Claus costume, will make hundreds of little hearts glad by the distribution of luxuries.

Thirty members of the Mystic Shrine assisted by a force of workmen were engaged yesterday in filling the baskets for the deserving people. The entire lower floor of the armory was covered, when the task had been completed late in the day, with hundreds of large baskets, each loaded to its capacity and carefully arranged. At retail prices each gift is worth nearly \$3.

Grand Assortment of Food.
Each basket contains an eight-pound ham. In the bottom is a half-peck of potatoes. In addition each gift consists of one pound of coffee, a similar amount of rice, beans, sugar, hominy, canned tomatoes, corn, and a sack of flour. All of the provisions are of the best to be had in the market.

Each family to receive one of these Christmas presents from the Mystic Shrine members must have a card. Members of the order are allowed to send the names of poor families to the chairman of the committee having the food distribution in hand. These cards are alphabetically arranged, and where repetition occurs in the names all but one are omitted.

The distribution of these baskets and their contents will begin this morning at 10 o'clock at the armory. In addition to the committee several colored men will assist in passing out the Christmas food. Each applicant, which in most cases is a woman, will be provided with street car tickets. After receiving the supplies the basket will be carried to the car by one of the workmen.

Will Make 700 Families Happy.

Every one of the 700 baskets of food will be taken to a little home in different parts of the city, where a whole family will be made happy. Little hearts and large hearts alike will be glad to see only those baskets when something is given that is wanted and needed. Seven hundred families where Christmas was looked forward to with regret will join in the festivities of a real Christmas dinner and enjoy themselves as other people on Christmas.

The committee having the preparation and distribution of these 700 gifts for the poor is composed of the following members: W. C. Long, chairman; J. S. Jones, H. M. Merrill, J. C. Kelper, Allen Bussina, John A. Ellinger, Henry L. Gosling, Louis A. Dent, Sidney R. Jacobs, William H. Franklin, Bert H. Brockway, Harry O. Bailey, Charles Jacobsen, and Will A. Haley.

In the event that any baskets are left over they will be distributed to other deserving families who may apply for assistance.

READY FOR NOTED SINGERS.

Saengerbund Committees Prepare to Receive Famous Vienna Society.

The various committees appointed by the Washington Saengerbund to make suitable preparations for the reception and entertainment of the Wiener Maenner Gesang Verein, when this world-famed organization of millionaire singers will visit Washington in the spring, reported progress at a meeting held at a communication from the Vienna society, giving a highly interesting account of its recent visit to Berlin, where it gave a concert before a monster audience composed of the social, official, and musical elite of the German capital, was read. It is one of the main principles of the Vienna society never to accept payment for their musical renditions, the admission charged wherever they appear on the concert stage always being devoted to charitable purposes. The Berlin production was no exception to the rule, as it was given for the benefit of the Austro-Hungarian Sick Benefit Society of Berlin. The concert was rendered under the leadership of the two directors of the Verein, Heubeger and Kremser, who are well known in musical circles everywhere, and who will conduct the concert at the Vienna organization at its visit to the White House next spring.

The Saengerbund will celebrate Christmas next Sunday evening, and every child will receive a present. A special programme composed of vocal and musical numbers suitable to the occasion will be rendered under the leadership of Henry Xander. The president of the society, Mr. Waldman, will make an address, and it is expected he will import the sonnet Santa Claus and distribute the gifts to the little ones.

HER HUG IS BEAR LIKE.

Daughter Breaks Mother's Rib When She Gives Her Greeting.

Atlantic City, Dec. 23.—Miss Daisy English, of Northfield, who has been living with her sister in this city, went home yesterday for Christmas. "Oh, mother, I'm so glad to see you that I could almost hug you right in two," she exclaimed. And she gathered her mother into her strong, young arms and gave her a regular bear hug.

There was a crack and a gasp from Mrs. English, and then she fainted. She was restored to consciousness, complained of a hurt in her side, and when Dr. Munson was called he found that one of her ribs was broken.

Choose Skienkiewicz as Leader.

Warsaw, Russian Poland, Dec. 23.—The Central Polish Election Committee, consisting of forty-four representatives of Polish parties, yesterday unanimously elected Henry Skienkiewicz, the novelist, to be president of the committee.

CHICKEN FOR 400 FAMILIES.

Salvation Army to Gladden Poor with Tons of Food for Christmas.

Several tons of food, arranged in baskets, and each basket containing among other things a nice fat chicken, will be given to the deserving poor this afternoon by the Salvation Army from its headquarters, at 300 Pennsylvania avenue, in all, about 400 baskets, each filled with the necessities of life, will be given away.

For weeks the Salvation Army members have been working night and day in raising funds to purchase Christmas supplies for the people who otherwise would go without a hearty dinner on Christmas Day. About \$500 was collected for the event, and this afternoon the needy, white and black, will be given enough food with which to prepare a dinner of merriment.

Each family, which is to be presented with a full basket this afternoon, will be a deserving one. People in all parts of the city, of various types, have been located by the Salvation Army workers, and when they appear at the headquarters the member will be rewarded for his trouble by the gift of enough food to last a week.

UNION INSTALLS OFFICERS.

Local Plate Printers Hold Annual Affair in Typo Temple.

The annual installation of the officers of the Plate Printers' Union, Local No. 2, was held in the Typographical Temple yesterday afternoon, and a number of new members entered on the rolls. The officers installed were: William D. Leisler, president; Clarence McClure, vice president; Julius Slaats, recording secretary; Edward A. Mehan, financial secretary; D. A. Fulton, treasurer; Edward Farly, inspector; Thomas Denneen, outside guard; R. L. Grace, George Thurber, Julius Slaats, George Foster, and P. J. Murphy, executive committee; Arthur Small, Joseph Hardie, and Theodore Rooney, trustees; C. W. Rich, William Doyle, and Charles J. Baker, auditing committee; Gus Davis, Frank Zabel, Louis Perron, Fred Voigtbeberger, Wilson M. Miller, Fred Springmiller, Samuel F. McCully, James Gibson, Ed. Atkinson, George Elam, and Edward Putnam, organization committee.

MRS. BLAINE TO BRING CHEER

Divorcee's Home-coming Will Be Feature of Hichborn Christmas.

Admiral and Mrs. Philip Hichborn are greatly pleased with the outcome of their daughter's case in the Dakota divorce court Saturday evening. Mrs. Hichborn said yesterday: "This will be the first Christmas I have had for years."

Happiness was pictured in her face yesterday, when she said that she expected her daughter home to Christmas dinner a free woman.

The family have received no word from their daughter, formerly Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., with the exception of one telegram Saturday night, announcing that she had obtained her decree. All the information they had was obtained from the newspapers. They expect her arrival on a morning train Tuesday, however, when she will be met by her family.

When asked if Christmas dinner would be made an extraordinary affair, Mrs. Hichborn laughingly replied that they always had a good Christmas dinner. The occasion will be a particularly festive one. The entire family will be present, including Admiral and Mrs. Hichborn, Philip P. Hichborn, a son, and his wife, and the newly divorced daughter.

Mrs. Blaine has been living with her family in this city for three years past. She was prominent in society circles here. Her former husband, James G. Blaine, Jr., a son of the noted Maine family, is understood to be in New York.

ON HIS THOUSANDTH TRIP.

Wine Steward on Cunard Liner Has Traveled 3,000,000 Miles.

New York, Dec. 23.—When the Lusitania of the Cunard Line, which sailed for Liverpool yesterday, reaches her destination her chief wine steward, Harry Stevens, will have rounded out his one thousandth trip across the Atlantic—3,000,000 miles of sea.

Forty-two years, which he has spent in going back and forth across the Atlantic, would, if he had been circling the globe, have carried him around the earth 12,000 times. Had his journeying been through space, the extent of them would be equal to six round trips to the moon.

Stevens, who is now in his sixty-fourth year, has been in the service of the Cunard Line for the last forty-two years. He knows the favorite beverages of all the old patrons of the line, and boasts that he can frequently tell who is on board by the orders that reach him in the wine room.

He has sailed on every vessel which the Cunard Line has brought out since the early sixties.

FROM WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

The attitude of the average young woman toward the other sex is a bit arrogant, according to the statement of a matron who is often called upon to play the part of chaperon. She says that girls compel attention rather than woo it; that they rule men by force rather than persuasion, and all this is largely responsible for the army of handsome spinsterhood of all ages of many attractions. "Don't you believe that they are single from choice," she continued, "for I know a good many who frankly confess their dislike for their lives, and many more who have married men they could have because they failed to secure the ones they wanted."

She modified her statement a bit by saying that she believed a small percentage of unmarried women had voluntarily chosen their position and enjoyed it, but a small percentage, mind you. Then she cited numerous instances where the sweet-tempered, mild-mannered young woman of few personal attractions had carried off matrimonial prizes under the nose of beauty and talent, and it was reminded of a few instances that had come under my own observation.

One summer, at a resort noted for its handsome, athletic girls, there appeared at one of the leading hotels a pretty young woman with the usual quantity of pretty clothes that were different, however, from those usually seen at the place. They were essentially feminine, and the wearer was a novelty, inasmuch as she was only a looker-on at outdoor sports, and had soft, dainty manners like her frocks.

Her social success was instantaneous, for one evening conquered all the eligible men in the hotel and her fame spread rapidly. The athletic girls looked upon her with some contempt till they found themselves deserted by the escorts to which they were accustomed, and, actually, they were forced to copy the girl from the sunny South before the season was half over. I never saw such a transformation in so short a time.

But here is the point of the story. The girl had sufficient offers to turn her head, but never lost her heart till she crossed the water. She married a man with an honorable reputation and a host of friends who welcomed her, for his sake, first, then for her personal charm. Marriage, however, seemed to change her disposition, and she became unbearably dictatorial, and the patience of a good husband was worn to the snapping point. He would not quarrel, but he could walk away, and that is what he did, and the law severed the bond that bound them together.

I am wondering if the experience has done her any good. After having practical proof of the power of gentleness how could the woman be so foolish as to show bad temper, cultivate nerves, and sulks? No self-respecting man could stand it, of course, and this man was quite worth keeping by personal sacrifice. Asserting women are not attractive to all men, and years of intimacy with them must be trying even to the admirers of their kind.

BETTY BRADEN.

THE RED WILLOW.

By FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Truth.

The arrest of Sir Bernard Gore made a great sensation. It was generally supposed that he was dead, and his unexpected appearance surprised every one. Also, as he was believed to be guilty, the public was amazed that he should thus thrust himself into jeopardy. But more thoughtful people saw in Gore's surrender a proof of his innocence, and argued very rightly that were he guilty of the murder of Sir Simon he would not come forward as he had done to stand his trial.

An additional surprise came in the arrest of Michael, who was said to be the half-brother of Gore, and to resemble him very closely. A rumor got about—one knew how—that this resemblance between the two would be made the basis of the defense. Also, the boy, Jerry Moon, who was implicated in the matter, was in charge of the police, and it was expected that he would make startling revelations. On the whole, there was every chance that the forthcoming trial would be extremely interesting. Every one looked forward with great expectations to the time when Sir Bernard would be placed in the dock. Inspector Groom, formerly in charge of the case, was now attending to the matter again. He said very little, although the reporters tried to make him give his opinion. But, from the few words he let drop, it would seem that he believed firmly in the innocence of the accused man.

"I don't see anything about Beryl in the papers," said Constable, when at Durham's office.

"There is nothing to say about him at present," replied the lawyer. "We have not caught him yet, and perhaps never may."

"Victoria warned him, then?"

"Yes. That imp of a boy wrote a letter stating that Bernard was at Cave Castle, and advising flight. Victoria caught a train shortly before 11 o'clock and came straight to Beryl's rooms, the address of which she received from Jerry. Beryl—

was up, and realized that we were coming to be late, and he had been simply playing with the imposture of Michael, he bolted that same night, and managed to cross to the continent. At least, we suppose so, as no trace of him can be found."

"What will you do about him, then?"

Durham shrugged his shoulders. "There is nothing to be done," he answered.

"With the evidence of Michael, Jerry, Miss Randolph, and Tolomeo, we shall be able to prove Bernard's innocence, and his cousin's guilt. Bernard will be set free without a stain on his character. But as to how Beryl will be arrested, or whether he will ever be punished, I am unable to give an opinion."

"What about Mrs. Gilroy?"

"Ah, we want her. Even her cousin doesn't know. He would speak out if he did know, as I fancy he is sincerely repentant for the trouble this new revelation of the Corsican Brothers has caused."

"But had you not some plan to lure Beryl out of her hiding?"

Durham searched among his papers and produced a journal. "Read that," said he, pointing to a volume.

It was an article dealing with the case, in which the writer hinted that Michael was guilty and Bernard innocent. It was also stated that Michael would certainly be put in the dock, and that sufficient evidence was in the power of the prosecution to procure his condemnation. The whole article was written strongly, and after reading it, Constable had not known the true facts of the case, would have fancied Michael guilty. He said as much. Durham smiled.

"That is exactly the feeling I wish to convey to Mrs. Gilroy," he declared, taking back the paper. "She, if any one, can prove the guilt of Beryl, but for the moment—perhaps for money—she is hiding. If she reads that paragraph she will at once come forward to save her son, and then we'll be able to prove Beryl's guilt beyond a doubt."

"But she may not take in the particular journal," said Constable.

"Oh, this is only one paper. Within the next few days that article will be copied in every newspaper in London. Mrs. Gilroy is bound, wherever she is, to hear of the arrest of her son and of Bernard giving himself up. To learn what is taking place will read what ever papers she can get hold of. Then she will see that article, and facts it doesn't being her forward to save Michael and condemn Beryl, I am very much mistaken."

"It sounds rather like contempt of court," said Dick, gravely.

Durham laughed. "It is, in a way. Every man has a right to be considered innocent in English law until his guilt is proved. But I arranged with Scotland Yard that this article should appear in the hope that Mrs. Gilroy—any important witness—mind you—should be brought forward. I can't exactly tell you all the details, but you may be sure that the thing has been done legally. Besides," argued Durham, calmly, "see—"

"I am a lawyer," he said artfully. "And I am at a loss to understand why you have come."

"To save my son," said Mrs. Gilroy, looking at him with lagged eyes.

"Michael Gilroy?"

"Michael Gore. He has a right to his father's name."

"Pardon me, I think not. Bernard Gore is the heir."

"Ah!" said the woman, bitterly, and clasping her hands with a swift, nervous gesture. "He has all the luck—the title—the money—the—"

"You must admit," said Durham, politely, "that he had very bad luck for the most part."

"His own foolishness is the cause of it."

"Did you come to tell me this?"

Mrs. Gilroy sat quite still for a moment, and then she burst out laughing. "You are laughing at me," she said. "I have come to tell you all I know," she said. "I would not do so, save for two things. One is, that I wish to save my son, who is absolutely innocent; the other, that I am dying."

"I am dying," said Mrs. Gilroy, firmly. "I have suffered for many years from an incurable disease—it doesn't matter what. But I cannot live long, and, but for my son, I should have ended my miserable life long ago owing to the pain I suffer. Oh, the pain—the pain—the pain!" she moaned, rocking to and fro as Michael had done.

Durham was sincerely sorry for her, although he knew she was not a good woman. "Let me get you some brandy," he said.

"No," replied Mrs. Gilroy, waving her hand.

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ing we have such a strong proof of Beryl's guilt, there is no doubt that Michael will have a fair trial."

"I say," said Constable, rising to take his leave. "Do you know it's Bernard's idea that Jerry might have committed the crime. It seems to me that Beryl is too good a coward to do it himself."

"Stuff!" said Durham, quite in the style of Miss Berengaria. "The boy could not have possibly strangled the old man! He was leading Bernard to the square to within a few minutes of the time when Mrs. Gilroy came out shouting murder. No, Constable; Beryl is the man, as is proved by his handkerchief, the murder to which he knows all. Doubtless Beryl threatened to denounce Bernard, and that was why she accused Bernard, counting on the resemblance to carry the matter through."

"What a thoroughly wicked woman!" said Dick, angrily.

"Oh! not at all, Mrs. Gilroy is a mother, and she naturally would sacrifice the whole world to save her son. Besides, she may have acted on the spur of the moment, and then had to go on with the matter."

"Well," said Constable, putting on his hat, "I sincerely hope your net will capture her."

It is sure to. A woman who would try and save her son by accusing an innocent man would not remain quiet to see him hanged. By the way, Miss Berengaria is a woman, I believe."

"Yes, with Miss Randolph and Alice. They are stopping at the Waterloo Hotel, Gough street. I believe they expect you to dine this evening."

Durham received a note from the old lady, and intended to come. By the way, Dick, I hope you are fascinating her. Remember, she can leave you five thousand a year, and can't last much longer."

"I believe Miss Berengaria will see her century," said Dick. "Besides, now you have my affairs in order, I have enough to live on."

"But not enough to marry on," said Durham, significantly.

Constable flushed. "If you speak of Lucy," he said, "she has a little money of her own, and our two incomes will keep us alive."

"It won't keep up the dignity of the title."

"Oh, the deuce take the dignity of that," said Constable, carelessly. "In this democratic age who cares for titles?"

"The Americans, Dick. You ought to marry one."

"I'll marry Lucy, who is the sweetest girl in the world," said Dick, firmly. "We understand one another, and as soon as this business is over, Mark—"

"You will marry?"

"No, Bernard and I will go out to the front."

"What! Does Bernard say that?"

"Yes, he is going to be knighted by the Imperial Yeomanry uniform, and I honor him for it," said Dick, with some heat.

"Bernard is not the man to sneak out of doing his duty. And Miss Malleson approves. I go out to the front also, and darest I shall manage to get a place of sorts, from which to take pot-shots at the enemy."

"But, my dear fellow," said Durham, much disturbed, "you may be killed."

"Naught is never in danger," said Constable, opening the door. "You get Bernard out of this scrape, Mark, and then come and see us start. We'll return courtesy for courtesy."

"And without legs or arms," said Durham, crossly. "Just as if Bernard hadn't enough danger, he must needs run his head into more. Go away, Dick. It's your brother's brain that has made him stick to his guns."

"Not a bit," retorted Constable, slipping out. "It's Bernard's own idea. Good-by, Mark. I hope you will recover your senses in season—perhaps for money—she is hiding. If she reads that paragraph she will at once come forward to save her son, and then we'll be able to prove Beryl's guilt beyond a doubt."

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